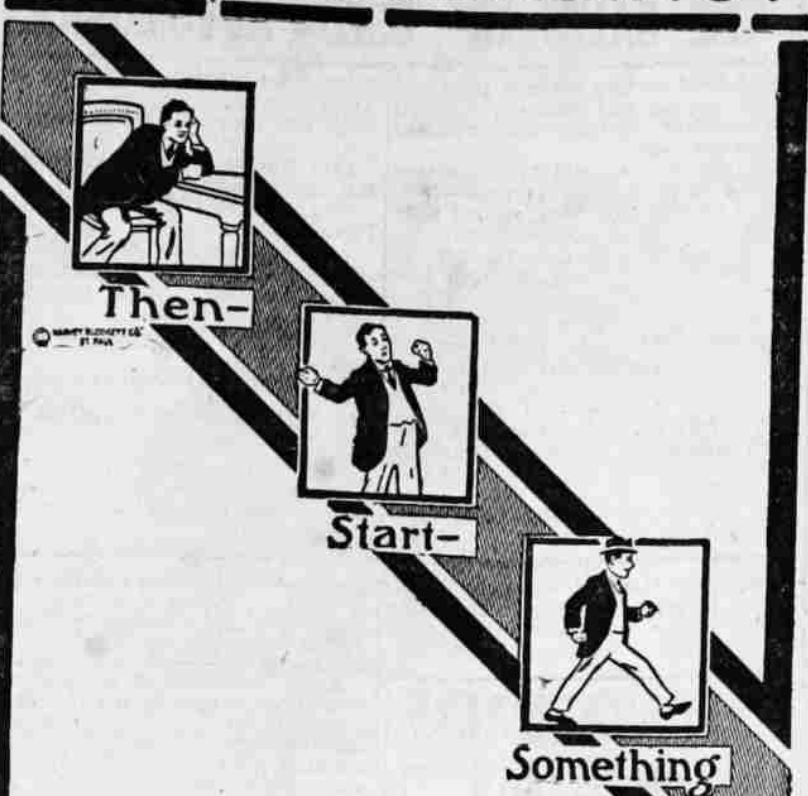


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HAL CHASE LEADS
IN BATTING

Jake Daubert Has Dropped to
 Third Place—Tris Speaker
 Heads in American
 League.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Hal Chase has taken the lead in the race for the National League batting championship according to figures published here today which include the records of last Wednesday's games. Jake Daubert, long the leader, has dropped to third place, into a tie with Hornsby, while Wheat went into second place. Carey, Pittsburgh, leader in stolen bases, now has fifty; Plack, Chicago, in sacrifice hits with 35; Williams, in home runs with 12; Wheat, Brooklyn, in total bases with 238; Burns, New York, in runs scored with 86, and Brooklyn in team hitting with 258.

Leading batters who have played in half or more of their club's games: Chase, Cincinnati, 327; Wheat, Brooklyn, 320; Daubert, Brooklyn, 317; Hornsby, St. Louis, 317; Wagner, Pittsburgh, 312; Hinchman, Pittsburgh, 309; Robertson, New York, 305; Stock, Philadelphia, 296; Whitely, Philadelphia, 291; Long, St. Louis, 291.

In the American League Tris Speaker ran his margin over Cobb to thirty points, a gain of eight in the week. Rumber, the Southern League slugger now with the Browns, is out hitting Cobb, with 360, but has taken part in only fifteen games, hence, does not appear in the records. Cobb leads in stolen bases with 55, and in runs scored with an even 100. Weaver, Chicago, is ahead in sacrifice hits with 38; Pipp, New York, in home runs with ten; Jackson, Chicago, in total bases with 271, and Detroit in club batting with 263. Leading batters:

Speaker, Cleveland, 389; Cobb, Detroit, 359; Jackson, Chicago, 348; Strunk, Philadelphia, 314; Gardner, Boston, 308; Veach, Detroit, 303; Slater, St. Louis, 300; E. Collins, Chicago, 299; Nunamaker, New York, 292; Feltch, Chicago, 292.

Butcher, Denver, leads in the Western League with 362, and is ahead in total bases with 276 and in runs scored with 104. Shields, Denver, led with stolen bases with 47; Krug, Omaha, in sacrifice hits with 34; Dyer, Denver, in home runs with sixteen and Denver in club batting with 295.

Leading batters including Tuesday's games: Butcher, Denver, 362; Oakes, Denver, 342; Miller, Omaha, 342; Gilmore, Sioux City, 335; Johnson, Lincoln, 334; Kirkham, St. Joseph, 333; Coy, Wichita, 328; Krueger, Omaha, 324; Shestak, Denver, 320; Gray, Wichita, 318.

SIX MEN MISSING
SINCE EXPLOSION

Large Party of Workmen
 Searching Ruins of Aetna
 Chemical Plant for
 Bodies.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 16.—The fact that six men have been missing since an explosion last night at the plant of the Aetna Chemical company in Oakdale, a suburb, today prompted a hurried investigation by the coroner's office. Officers of the company declared they did not know the number of casualties, but expressed the belief that all at work in the building had been killed.

A large party of workmen is searching the ruins for bodies. The plant, where the explosion occurred, was said to be engaged in the manufacture of a high explosive.

NOT DANGEROUS. Doctor—You will have to give up all mental work for a few weeks. Patient—But, doctor, in that event my income would cease. I earn my living by writing poems for the magazines.

Doctor—Oh, you can keep right on at that.—Indianapolis Star.

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EXCELLENT SHOWING
BY DAUGHTERS OF
PIONEERS

At a special meeting of the chairman of the Daughters of the Pioneers' Twenty-fourth of July celebration committee, held last night in the city hall, the financial report in connection with the celebration was submitted by Treasurer John Watson and approved by the assembly.

Following the approval of the report, in behalf of the Weber County Daughters of the Pioneers, the committee chairman passed a vote of thanks to the newspaper, the committee and the local public in general for the co-operation that made the Pioneer day celebration the greatest event of the kind ever held in the city.

The financial report made by the treasurer follows:

Treasurer's report, Pioneer day celebration, July 24, 1916.

RECEIPTS.

From Ogden City	\$200.00
From Weber county	250.00
From Ogden Clearing House association	240.00
From manufacturers, wholesalers, lumber yards and industrial companies, as per list	1,205.00
From merchants on Washington avenue, as per list	385.00
From merchants on Twenty-fourth street, as per list	110.00
From merchants on Twenty-fifth street, Wall and Grant avenue, as per list	211.00
From doctors and dentists	195.00
From attorneys law	57.75
From sale of stickers	405.00
From concessions	107.25
From Mrs. David Eccles for banquet (pioneers)	243.15
Refund from bills (A. Berlin)	4.98
Total	\$3,614.83

DISBURSEMENTS.

For floats and parade, as per vouchers	\$1,319.24
For music	325.50
For decorations	380.00
For fireworks, \$750, freight	\$79.40
For publicity	220.84
For baby parade	100.00
For banquet (pioneers)	243.15
For ice cream (pioneers)	15.00
For transportation (pioneers to and from field)	38.80
For two-thirds cost moving picture, 840 feet at 14c and two slides	\$8.37
Cash on hand (in bank)	\$4.53
Total	\$3,614.83

JOHN WATSON, Treasurer.
 Submitted September 15, 1916.

STRANGER ROBBED
ON WALL AVENUE

A holdup was staged in the local railroad yards about midnight last night, according to a report made to the police by Thomas Rose, who claims to be a resident of Grand Junction, Colo. According to his story, Rose, who is 58 years of age, was walking toward the union depot on Twenty-fifth street, when he was approached by two young men who asked where he was going. He informed them that he was on his way to the depot and they said he was on the wrong street.

They told him to accompany them and they would guide him to his destination. After he had been led past the joint freight station at Wall avenue and Twenty-fourth street, he realized that he was being taken in the wrong direction, and remonstrated with the men. Without further ado, they attacked him and knocked him to the ground. When he got up, they were gone and had taken his gold watch and pocketbook, containing \$40.

The victim of the holdups gave the police a somewhat meagre description of his assailants and then remained at the depot all night on the watch for the men, while the officers searched the railroad yards and the west end of the business district. Rose departed for Salt Lake this morning, his railroad ticket and fifty cents having been overlooked by the robbers.

BIGGEST HIKE OF
OFFICERS AND MEN

Eight Days Will Be Consumed
 in Eighty-three-mile Practice March.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 16.—Fourteen thousand and sixty-three officers and men of the regular army and national guard started out of San Antonio today on the biggest practice march in the history of the American army, an 83-mile "hike" to Austin. Eight days will be consumed in the march to Austin. There will be three days of camping at Camp Mabry. Eight days will be spent in the return to San Antonio. The division is made up of Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Texas and Missouri guardsmen and is commanded by Brigadier-General Henry A. Greene.

ITS VOCABULARY. "That parrot of theirs! Why, it rattles off all the gossip of the neighborhood!" "Yes. When it was learning to talk they forgot to take it out of the room the day the sewing society met."—Browning's Magazine.

JUSTIFIED. "Look here, Snip," said Slowpay indignantly to his tailor, "you haven't put any pockets in these trousers." "No, Mr. Slowpay," said the tailor, with a sigh; "I judged from your account here you never had anything to put in them."—Harper's Weekly.

CENTRALIZING OF THE
FIRE EQUIPMENT
OF THE CITY

In the belief that fires can be fought more effectively through a centralization of equipment, Mayor Abbot R. Heywood has announced his intention to establish a central fire station that will cover the entire city except the district north of the Ogden river, which has a station at Ninth street and Washington avenue.

Plans for the station practically have been completed by the mayor as commissioner of public safety and the other members of the commission, Miles L. Jones and Chris Flygare. It is proposed that the central station have four pieces of motor driven apparatus with the horse-drawn aerial ladder.

Increased equipment without additional expense, but which, it is believed, will eventually result in an economy, was created through the consolidation of stations Nos. 1 and 2. With the bench fire station abandoned as headquarters for that district, another horse drawn truck will be supplanted by the motor-truck. In providing a combination hose and chemical truck, the board of commissioners will motorize the truck from No. 2 station which can be accomplished by placing the body of the truck on a large chassis.

In speaking of the consolidation of the fire fighting apparatus, Mayor Heywood said that with the motor driven trucks the department would be able to handle fires on the bench with as much expediency as is possible through the maintenance of a station with a horse-drawn truck. He said it would also provide an extra truck for the station as a reserve in the event of two or more fire outbreaks in the city at the same time, as occurred during a recent fire on lower Twenty-fifth street.

ONLY SISTER OF
PRESIDENT DIES

Mrs. Anne E. Howe Succumbs
 to Peritonitis at Hotel in
 New London, Conn.

New London, Conn., Sept. 16.—Mrs. Anne E. Howe, only sister of President Woodrow Wilson, died at her apartments in a local hotel early today. Mrs. Howe had been extremely ill for about a week with peritonitis and the end had been expected at any moment for the last two days. The president came here last Monday, returning Wednesday to Shadow Lawn. Mrs. Howe was too weak to recognize him.

Mrs. Howe came here from her Philadelphia home in the early summer with her niece, Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president. Her health had long been impaired.

With her were her two sons, George Howe of North Carolina and Wilson Howe of Richmond, Va., and a daughter, Mrs. Cothren, of Philadelphia, besides Miss Wilson.

CONTENTMENT.
 (By Walt Mason)

Contentment isn't often seen where men have bundles of long green. The more a man requires, it seems, the more does worry haunt his dreams, and every millionaire I know looks like a cheap tinsmith of woe. I have a friend who once was broke; then

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LIBERTY
A ROMANCE OF
OLD MEXICO
By
H.H. VAN LOAN

NOVELIZED FROM THE PHOTOPLAY SERIAL OF THE SAME NAME, RELEASED BY THE UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Col. James Horton, ex-army officer and wealthy Mexican land owner, dies, leaving a peculiar will. Liberty, his daughter, goes to visit one of her guardians, Manuel, who manages her Mexican Pancho Leon, the son of Pancho, falls in love with her. She, however, shows an affection for Capt. Robert Rutledge, of the Texas Rangers, who, with her other guardian, Major Winston, has accompanied her. Juan Lopez, majordomo of the hacienda, abducts her with the idea of holding her for ransom. Rutledge, in the hands of the bandits, overhears a plot to attack the American. The fearless captain and his men are stopped by a huge rock which Lopez has used to block the trail. Aided by Pedro, endeavors to escape.

THIRD EPISODE

American Blood.

The outlaws were thrown into wild disorder as a result of Pedro's ferocious attacks. A portion of the hut had been blown up, thus forcing him and his followers to retreat behind a rock. Lopez, raging like a furious crater, attempted to send his men after the old slave. But they hesitated.

At the foot of the cliff stood the savior of Liberty still introducing his new method of warfare. Every time one of the Mexicans attempted to close in on him he reached for another stick of dynamite. He was a terror to behold.

In the meantime, the Major and the rangers stood listening to the loud explosions which rumbled through the canyon and echoed far down the trail. They were drilling the rock which had been thrown across the road by Lopez and his men. As they worked the earth at their feet trembled.

"Egads!" exclaimed the Major. "They're blowing up the canyon."

"You ain't seen that feller Pedro round here lately, have yer?" asked one of the rangers of the Major.

"No, by Gad," replied the rusty old fighter as he swung quickly around. "Where is that dirty old rascal? I'll bet he's sneaked back to the hacienda."

"Looks ter me as though he's taken some lunch with him, too," remarked Steve Dudley, one of the bravest men that ever patrolled the border. "There's about a dozen of them sticks of dynamite missin'."

"Unless I'm pretty badly mistaken," interrupted Bill Larabee, as he slouched over to where the Major stood, "he's makin' all that thunder down there in the canyon."

With that the Major and a few of the rangers approached the edge of the cliff and looked down, as their eyes searched the depths of the canyon.

"By God, there he is!" shouted Bill as he pointed to the figure of Pedro far beneath them. At that moment he was standing, poised on a big rock. As they watched him he thrust one hand into the bosom of his shirt and brought forth a long, narrow object and hurled it with all his strength straight at a group of dark figures that hastened to get under the cover of a huge rock. An instant later another terrible rumbling noise resounded through the canyon, and again the ground beneath them trembled, as a cloud of smoke rose upwards.

"He's fightin' them with dynamite!" exclaimed the Major as he gazed far below.

"That's Lopez and his band!" cried Bill.

With that the Major and the boys returned to their work and resumed drilling the rock which was almost ready for the dynamite.

It was now daybreak. All night long Rutledge and his men had been drilling, while the Major, tired from his strenuous ride, had thrown himself down on one of the blankets and snatched some sleep. However, just before dawn he had insisted on relieving the Captain.

But, while Rutledge sought to quiet the Major, and rolled himself up in his blanket, he made certain that one of his eyes was continually open. For, he recalled he had an engagement at daybreak to kill a greaser, and he was particularly anxious to keep the appointment.

As Rutledge faced the sky thinking of these things his opponent was in his tent, a few feet away examining his sheath-knife. His eyes gleamed with hate for the ranger.

Just as the sun showed its nose above the eastern horizon, Manuel stepped from his tent. As he did so, Rutledge, who had already seen him, reached for his knife, and, after stretching his legs, walked straight over to the spot where the Mexican stood.

"Now then, you liver-colored puerco," he said as his eyes flashed fire, "take a good look at that sunrise, for it'll be the last one you'll see around these parts for some time."

With a curse, Manuel grabbed his

knife from his belt and made a lunge at Rutledge. But, the ranger was on his guard. His powerful strength succeeded in keeping the Mexican's knife a good distance from his breast, although the wiry devil made thrust after thrust. Finally Rutledge with one strong blow sent the knife of his opponent flying to the dust, at the same time almost taking the Mexican off his feet.

Manuel was now at the mercy of the Captain. The latter walked over to where his adversary stood cowering and trembling with fear, and was about to run his knife into him, when a spirit of fair play took possession of him. He threw his knife away and went after him with his fists.

During the encounter Rutledge stumbled over a stone and went tumbling to the ground. The Mexican, with a fiendish grin, fell on top of him and grabbed him by the throat. With a quick jerk, Rutledge managed to throw him off, and, locked together, they both went rolling to the edge of the cliff. For a moment it looked as if both would go tumbling into the canyon below, but Manuel finally managed to free himself and endeavored to force Rutledge over the edge. But, the Captain grabbed Manuel and hung suspended in mid-air as he endeavored to fight his way to the top again.

At this moment Liberty, who with Pedro, had made her way to the camp of the rangers, after eluding Lopez and his men, saw the two men fighting, and, with a shriek of terror rushed toward them, closely followed by the old slave.

As she reached the spot, Rutledge regained his foothold. Manuel, however, was exhausted. The Captain, realizing this, fought on until he had the Mexican at his mercy, and then, picking him up he lifted him high above his head and was about to throw him over the cliff into space when a shrill cry attracted his attention.

"Bob! Bob!" She ran up to him and grabbing his arm pleaded for the fellow's life.

"He belongs down there with the rest of those yellow dogs," said Rutledge, meaning Lopez and his band.

"But, you don't want his blood on your hands, Bob," she begged. "If he is what you say, he isn't worth it."

"Well, he can thank you for saving his life," remarked the captain as he flung the fellow to the ground.

Just then a terrific explosion occurred, and the little party turned just in time to see the rock which had blocked the trail, go flying upwards into thousands of pieces.

"Where is Lopez and his gang?" asked Rutledge as he turned again to Liberty who was greeting the Major.

"Lopez and Alvira have organized a big band of insurgents and they are

Upon reaching the end of the trail they were greeted by the report of a rifle and one of the rangers went tumbling out of the saddle. Instantly the Major gave the command to fire in the direction of the bushes.

Then the fighting began in earnest. While the bullets were raining all about them Liberty, who had taken up her position beside Rutledge and aided him in emptying his cartridge belt, ran over to the Major.

"I am no good here," she said. "Let me ride to Nostinos."

The Major pondered a moment. Then, he suddenly turned and facing her replied:

"My dear, it is too dangerous a ride for you to take alone."

"You have nothing to fear, Major," she urged. Then, as she meditated an instant, "I'll tell you—I'll take Pedro with me."

This proviso won over the Major and he ordered Pedro to ride with Liberty to Nostinos.

"And, mind you," he said seriously, as he eyed the slave, "I shall hold you to account if anything happens to her."

Hiding behind a rock, not far distant, Lopez with one of his men, was closely watching every move of the trio. As he saw Liberty and Pedro start towards their horses he turned to his man: "Don't let her get away," he said. "Take two others with you."

A little later as Liberty and Pedro started down the road, three Mexicans mounted their horses and followed some distance behind.

While this was going on Rutledge was safely lodged behind a huge rock as he kept up a constant fire at the sombreros as they popped up above others. Once, as he was reloading his gun, Manuel, who had not yet recovered from the severe battle with the ranger, leveled his own rifle straight at his rival and fired. The bullet tore the gun out of Rutledge's hands.

The Mexican, who had been watching the Major, ran up just as Manuel was starting to fire a second time, and, swinging from the hip knocked him cold. He snatched up his gun, and, as Manuel staggered to his feet he blurted out: "I'm watching you, you coffee-colored skunk. And if you try that trick again I'll have those rangers shoot you."

Liberty and Pedro were now some distance from the rangers and riding their horses hard towards Nostinos. Soon after they left the camp Pedro had discovered they were being pursued. He pointed out the figures of the approaching Mexicans to Liberty, who was able to distinguish their outlines against the skyline.

At she rode on her thoughts were busy. Those Mexicans must be checked somehow. Finally, as she

going to march into Discovery tonight and kill every man, woman and child!" she cried excitedly.

"My God!" exclaimed the Major. "And, there's only a handful of citizens to resist them."

"Isn't there something we can do to help them?" pleaded Liberty.

"They're probably well on their way by this time," said Rutledge.

"Nostinos is fifteen miles from here," said Liberty. "There is a Cabrero camp there. They are in telegraphic communication with Discovery and if we ride hard we may be able to warn Colonel Dalton to be prepared."

"We will start for that place," said the Major. But, he did not see one of Lopez's men, who had been hiding in the bushes, listening to every word, and crept quietly away to inform his leader of the intended warning.

As the band, with Lopez riding at their head, left the trail, and turned into the main road the messenger overtook them. Leaping from his horse he rushed up to the leader.

"Rutledge and his men are going to Nostinos to inform Colonel Dalton of our plans," he said.

"Ah, ha," grinned the Mexican. "Well, we showed them." And he immediately ordered his men to dismount and they made for the bushes, pulling their horses behind them, to lie in wait for the little company of rangers, which at that moment was just starting down the trail.

The Major headed the little column, and was followed by his men. Then came Rutledge riding beside Liberty, with Pedro riding bareback.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

you can't take it to the mart, and buy a glad, contented heart—Copy-right.

EXIT.

Job-seeker (entering office unannounced)—Is there an opening here for me?

Chief Clerk—Yes, sir; right behind you.—Nebraska Awgwan.

Job-seeker (entering office unannounced)—Is there an opening here for me?

Chief Clerk—Yes, sir; right behind you.—Nebraska Awgwan.